



MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

A PANTOMIMIC TALE.

"With silent steps I'll follow you all day."

DRYDEN.

MY uncle was a genius, and a poet—of course, he was as poor as David's rat, and lived in a garret. He was a kind-hearted man, and I loved him too sincerely to hesitate at putting my neck in jeopardy once a day, by climbing the crazy ladder, which afforded the only means of reaching his celestial abode. Yet after my taking all this trouble, it frequently happened, that I found my uncle too busy with the Muses, to bestow any of his attention on so insignificant an animal as his nephew. On these occasions, he contented himself with shaking me by the hand in silence, laying his fore-finger on his lip, and pointing to a joint-stool, which stood close by the window; for he occupied himself, the only chair in the room, and even that had but three legs to boast of; the joint-stool, therefore, though not so dignified a seat, was in fact a much more secure and comfortable one.

But when I found myself established on my joint-stool, how was I to employ myself? When my uncle was seized with one of these fits of inspiration, they frequently continued for a considerable time: where then was I to find amusement during this interval?—My uncle was too much an author to think any body's works worth reading, except his own; for those I happened to have no great taste, and I did not care to affront him by asking for the productions of any other brain. Reading, then, was out of the question; but in order that my eyes might not be quite idle, I employed them in examining what was going on in the house opposite to us. By the help of a pocket telescope, I could distinctly see every thing which passed in our neighbour's first and second floor; and after indulging myself for some days, in these observations, I became so well acquainted with every member of this unknown family, that I felt myself as much interested about their proceedings, as if I had been a member of it myself.

You will say that this systematic *espionage* was not very honorable: I allow it. But then, on

the other hand, it was very entertaining; and I am now going to bribe you to approve of my conduct, by admitting you to a partnership in my stolen knowledge.

The street which my uncle inhabited was narrow, and the quarter was not one of the most fashionable: but the furniture of the house in question convinced me that its owner must certainly be a man of considerable opulence. This owner [for the sake of distinction, we will call him Sempronius, for I have been too much occupied by his actions, to have inquired for his real name as yet] is not exactly the sort of man, whom I should voluntarily have selected for the hero of my tale; but beggars must not be choosers, and I must take the good man, as I find him. He seems to labour under some hypochondriacal complaint, and as he frequently suffers himself in his moments of weakness to indulge his ill-temper, I have not the least hopes of working him up into a portrait of heroic fortitude: on the other hand, I have as little hopes of his furnishing my drama with a striking character for my villain. It is true, he governs his whole family with a rod of iron, and I have already discovered, that he is completely a domestic tyrant; every one seems to feel constrained in his company; and it is only in the absence of the master of the mansion, that innocent mirth ventures to show itself within its

doors. Yet still I observe, that with the same unbending gravity with which he censures his wife, and rates his servants, he receives every Sunday the visits of a distressed Emigrant, (with whose worth and whose wants, accident has made me well acquainted) to whose complaints he seems to listen with unwearyed patience, and whom he never suffers to depart with empty pockets. As the poor gentleman retracts his steps, I observe, that his walk is firmer and lighter, and that not unfrequently a tear trembles in his eye; but he never quits the street without turning back, and with clasped hands, casting a look of gratitude towards the window of Sempronius's study. Sempronius then has a good heart, but a most intolerable temper. Well! well! we will hope, that his ill-temper proceeds from ill-health, and from increasing years, for Sempronius cannot now be far from his grand climacteric. I conclude this from the colour of his hair, which here and there age has already silvered.

I conjecture that he must be a merchant of some kind or other. What makes me think this is, that the ground-floor of his house looks as if it had been converted into a magazine. Besides, he is regularly absent at 'Change hours: I am rather of opinion that he dabbles in the funds.

But how in the name of wonder could Sempronius, so little amia-

ble as he appears to be, have obtained such a treasure, as the wife whom I am now going to describe? or rather, how came he to be so singularly fortunate as to draw ~~two~~ such great prizes in Hymen's lottery; a lottery, in which (Heaven have pity on all poor Christian husbands!) there are so many blanks? Many years ago he lost a wife. Oh! she was worthy to have been the Empress of her whole sex! So beautiful—so good.

—"You have seen her then?"

[Such was my uncle's demand one day, when I was indulging myself in enthusiastic but just commendation of the lady in question.] "You have seen her then?"

You knew her!" Alas! never!

I was not so fortunate. "But you have been told of her charms and merits?" Not a syllable; I never heard her mentioned in my life.—

"Then pray how are you so certain, that she was so beautiful and so good?" Why, my dear uncle,

you must know that her picture in oil hangs in the second wife's sitting room, and never was my eye gratified by more perfect features, or a more noble countenance: and that this countenance belonged to the wife of Sempronius, there can be no doubt. Sempronius himself (but much younger) is introduced in the picture; and the attitude in which the painter has represented them, sufficiently marks the relation of the parties; besides, if there were no other reason for concluding that she was his wife, I should be convinced of it by the

striking resemblance between her countenance and that of a young man about twenty, who appears to be our neighbour's son, and probably is the offspring of this marriage.

"Well! Sir! so much for her beauty, and her marriage. Now, sir, granting that she was a wife, what makes you suppose, that she must necessarily have been a *good* one?"

"My dear sir, it is quite impossible that she should have been otherwise—Whenever Sempronius is displeased with his present help-mate, he never fails to point to that portrait; he seems to contrast her conduct with that of the object of his reproof, and to hold her up as a model for the imitation of the whole sex—while on the other hand, his second wife—[she is reading King Lear at this moment, for the edition is Boydell's, and I can distinctly read the title; so we will call her Cordelia, if you please]—Cordelia then, whenever she finds her patience on the point of being shipwrecked among the numberless little domestic storms, which the unhappy temper of our friend Sempronius is perpetually raising, constantly fixes her eyes on that mild, heavenly countenance, and seems to ask—"In this situation, how would *you* have acted?" She then turns to her peevish husband with a serene look; the clouds of displeasure which were gathering on her

brow, have totally disappeared ; she takes his hand kindly as if imploring his pardon for having given him offence ; and never leaves him, till her winning manners, and engaging smiles have charmed away his ill-humour, as David's lyre banished the evil spirit from the bosom of the frantic Saul."

"But pray, nephew, what makes you be so certain, that the original of this portrait, which produced such beneficial effects, is no longer in existence ?"

"Surely the presence of a second wife is a proof fully sufficient of the decease of a first."

"But there may be no second wife in the case : Cordelia may be his daughter."

"Impossible, my dearest uncle ! absolutely impossible ! A thousand little circumstances—the tender familiarity which exists between her and Sempronius—the authority with which she governs the whole house—the intimate, yet respectful conduct towards her of her step-son, Edward (you see I make no scruple of christening my neighbours over again)—the difference, which Sempronius makes in his behaviour when addressing her, and when addressing the said Edward. No ; it is quite impossible, that Cordelia should be any thing but his wife. Besides, to put the matter beyond all doubt, you must know that there is a little boy about eight or nine years

old, whose features exhibit the same mixed resemblance to Cordelia and Sempronius, which Edward's exhibit to Sempronius and the lady, of whose portrait I have spoken in terms of such warm approbation."

Cordelia then, is the wife of Sempronius, and what a wife ! Perhaps she is the only woman on earth worthy to occupy the place of her predecessor ! Her whole constitution seems to be composed of gentleness and benevolence ; and in truth, it was necessary that she *should* be composed of such materials, in order that the vinegar of her husband's disposition might be softened down and rendered supportable by the infusion of her oil of roses. I am thoroughly instructed in her mode of life, for I can overlook the whole of her sitting-room. It joins on her husband's study, and here she passes the greatest part of the day. Here she sits, works, writes, and reads ; some of her books are now lying in the window, and even at this distance I can distinguish the names of Shakspeare, Cowper, and Paley. Here it is that she settles all the affairs of her household, and from hence as from their centre, I can see good order, diligence, and economy, spread themselves forth, and pervade every department of her family. Different occupations have all their stated hours ; always active, always employed, without noise, without hurry, she manages, that every thing

should be done in its proper time and place ; and the hand, with which she governs the whole machine, is no less light, than sure and steady.

I will only mention two other points in Cordelia's character, which have struck, and which please me particularly. The one is, that in spite of her husband's lectures and frequent appeals to it, she still suffers the portrait of his first wife to decorate her own private apartment. The other is, that in her endeavours to soothe her husband, she never fails to be successful, and that in her presence Sempronius always seems to be less gloomy and less unruly than when he is beyond the sphere of her influence.

Her step-son is established in the second floor ; his room is exactly over his father's study, and there prevails in it an air of such systematic confusion, books, letters, old pens and inkstands, lie so mingled together, upon all the chairs and tables, and sheets of half-written paper full of blots and scratches, are so constantly fluttering about the chamber, that I have no sort of doubt of his being a poet ; not to mention a large book in a white parchment cover, which has quite the look of a commonplace book, and in which he frequently writes a few lines, after biting the top of his quill for some minutes and taking two or three turns up and down the room, ac-

companying his movement by vehement gesticulations. I am also convinced, that his verses are generally amatory, and addressed to no imaginary object. He often copies something out of the aforesaid book with the white parchment cover, and seals it up carefully in the form of a letter, which he always gives to the postman with his own hands. Besides when he has secured his door against intruders—(ah ! poor lad, how little he suspects, that I see every thing that he is about)—he frequently reads over and over again certain little notes, (written on a fine shining paper, with coloured edges, and very neatly folded up,) and which he seldom fails to press repeatedly to his lips, before he arrives at the end of them. As to the peculiarities of his temper, I observe by what passes between him and his father, and still more between him and a certain aunt who frequents the family, that his feelings are quick and susceptible, and that he easily takes offence. He is careless, and rather *harum-skarum*, for he sometimes leaves the key in the secretary, where all these precious *billets-doux* are deposited, and then suddenly recollecting his neglect, he flies up stairs to repair it in such a hurry, that I expect him every moment to break his neck by the way. He is benevolent, for he never sees a beggar without relieving him ; extravagant, for he receives his allowance monthly, and

it never lasts above half the time ; proud and high-minded, for having applied to his father either for an increase of allowance, or an advance (I could not exactly ascertain which) and receiving a refusal in the first instance, when Sempronius sent him a bank note the next morning, the youth returned it, and preferred waiting till the first of the present month. I observe too, that he is sometimes a little out of humour without cause, in which I suppose he takes after his father ; however, his ill temper never is vented upon any thing except his spaniel, whom he feeds all dinner time, and who always sleeps with his head resting upon the foot of his master.

As to his half-brother, little Willy, he is too young as yet to show much character ; but I am very much mistaken, if he has not a decided genius for the arts. Every morsel of paper, which falls in his way, is immediately covered with his inventions. If his pencil is taken from him, he huns about, till he finds a piece of coal or chalk, with which he scrawls landscapes and figures over all the doors, walls, and tables, to the great annoyance of his dear loving mother, and of the house-maid, whose wet napkin has no sort of respect for the productions of this juvenile Sir Joshua. In a moment the effusions of his genius are effaced for ever ; but in vain does his mother scold, and in vain does the house-maid scrub ;

he sets to work again with unabated ardour, and in defiance of these enemies of art, in a few hours the walls, doors, and tables, are as fully decorated as before.

But I must not omit the portrait of the afore-mentioned *aunt*, who, though not an intimate of the family, exercises over it no inconsiderable authority. From her likeness to Sempronius, she must certainly be his sister, though evidently some years older : she is tall, thin, pale, and then such a nose and chin ! She is almost a daily guest, and Sempronius never suffers himself to indulge his ill-humours in her society. Sempronius is a shrewd, long-headed man, and minds the main chance : from the respect which he pays her, I conclude, that the old lady is in good circumstances, her own mistress, without children, and that her brother flatters himself, that either he or his offspring will hold no contemptible place in her will. Nay, I am not only persuaded that she has no children, but that the venerable lady is still a votary of Diana ; which conclusion I draw, not only from observations made on her person and manners, but from the extreme love and intimacy which prevails between her and a large tortoise-shell cat, which generally lies basking before Cordelia's fire.

This good lady—[what shall we call her ? Her brother's name is Sempronius—"Amandus he ;

Amanda she."—So says Sterne—Semproniz be her name then.]—Sempronia then, seems much attached to her brother, but Cordelia is evidently no favourite with her. She treats her with such cold and formal politeness.....She so often bites her thin lips, as if desirous of repressing a scornful sneer, and which she takes good care *not* to repress. If she opens one of the volumes placed on Cordelia's table, she never fails to clap it down again hastily, with such a shrug of the shoulders, and such a shake of the head, and then such a turning up of the whites of her eyes to Heaven. From the latter circumstance, I am tempted to believe, that the good lady has been a little bit by a certain sect—However, Cordelia considers it as beneath her to take notice of these little pieces of impertinence, and only answers the sneer of contempt, with which her sister-in-law occasionally favours her, by a smile of the sweetest gentleness, and most heavenly forbearance. As to Edward, he and his aunt are at open enmity: three minutes of conversation with her are generally sufficient to make him throw out fire and flames: then *he* flies out of the room, and up go the whites of *her* eyes more piteously than ever.

But undoubtedly her greatest favourite in the family, [I mean, the greatest upon two legs] is little Willy: he holds the very next place in her good graces, to the

tortoise shell cat. Of this, the young rogue seems conscious; and proud of enjoying that sunshine which is bestowed upon so few, he never fails to welcome her arrival by a voluntary offering of his rosy lips, and sports and frisks about her arm chair as merrily, and as wantonly, as a butterfly flutters about a honey-pot—I warrant me, the good lady is seldom unprovided with a box full of sugar-plumbs.

Such are the persons who compose this family, and such is the knowledge, which I have obtained of them, during a daily observation of several months—But lately some circumstances have occurred, which have excited my curiosity respecting their concerns more than usually. I have fortunately succeeded in communicating this curiosity to my uncle's bosom: he has consented to be my amanuensis; and to-morrow—[*He* provided with plenty of ink, pens, and paper, and myself furnished with my aforesaid pocket-telescope]—it is our intention to commence an exact and systematic account of every thing which passes in the house of his opposite neighbour. *I* am to report, and *He* is to register.

Having completed this introduction, which was necessary to make my readers acquainted with our Dramatis Personæ, I shall proceed to my employment—Hark!—the clock strikes ten—that is the hour, at which Sempronius re-

gularly makes his appearance at Cordelia's breakfast table, and I hasten to post myself at

MY UNCLE'S GARRET-WINDOW.

(To be continued.)

From the Northern Budget.

"If two lie together, then they have heat
—but how can one be warm alone?"

Proverbs.

SURE enough, SOLOMON! Thou hast hit the nail on the head. Never, since the creation of our first parents, has a question been proposed for the solution of the human race, in which my feelings have so lively an interest, as in the one now under consideration. I like this kind of forcible reasoning, because questions are categorical things, and require categorical treatment. The only sure method to test the truth of a doubtful theory, is, by reducing it, as far as possible, to the plain and equitable standard of experience. Let but our dazzling *belles*, and dashing *beaux* moralize closely on the subject of my motto, as they file off, singly, into a cold bed-room in some upper chamber—or perhaps in the garret of some four story house, whose shivered casements yawn to receive the whistling blast as it journeys hollowly along the barren heath, on a bitter night in January; and I will bet my new

beaver that the votaries of Hymen will speedily outnumber those of Bacchus, and the solitary VESTAL, with a smile of gladness presaging future mirth and merriment, will soon forsake the dull and listless apartment, where she has been cloistered from the prying eye of man, for many a revolving season, and instead of humming the drowsy song of eternal celibacy, will awaken the sprightly nuptial lyre, and breathe her fondest vows in the listening ear of an amorous husband: old maids will pull caps for intiquated swains—and old bachelors, these *non-descripts* of the moral world, will find a new employment, far different from that of curing corns on the *toes* or prescribing efficacious remedies for the *rheumatism*.

But the mischief of all is that the youth of either sex will seldom take upon themselves the trouble of combining a few ideas sufficient to constitute that thing called reflection, if the temporary gratification of their wishes will, in any measure, be cut short by their so doing; and I have, at this moment, in my eye a crusty old bachelor turned of fifty-five, whose face, like the weather beaten clapboards of an ancient building, almost bid defiance to the further ravages of time, who would cock up his nose at the bare mention of matrimony, and instantly pourtray it in the most deplorable colours, taking special care to dip his pencil in the foulest shades, so that no

part of the frightful representation might perish through the unskillfulness of the melancholy painter. He prefers an uniform round of disappointments, vexations and disquietudes, the sure attendants of a roving disposition, to the calm and placid joys of connubial felicity, and the thin and scattered sweets of celibacy, to the honey of the marriage hive.

The gloomy and tempestuous storm of a winter's evening, never fails to produce a very serious impression on my mind ; and when I close my window-shutters and hasten to participate in the genial blaze of my fire-side, I think of the thousands who, collected at little intervals in sullen groups, the sons and daughters of misanthropy and spleen, can find no amusement to charm away the tedious moments that chequer the sunshine of life, but dealing out scandal against their more prudent neighbours, while their souls are callous to every tender, every refined sensibility, and each bosom is as frozen as a February icicle.

Celibacy is the darling theory of those, who, from early disappointments, or a series of vicious habits, have reasoned themselves, by a false analogy of circumstances, into the humiliating belief that the cup of human life is filled with the bitterest draught—the most subtle poison—and, consequently, he who takes the least of it, is by much the best off. The grey-headed

rake, the unsuccessful debauchee, and the midnight seducer of virgin innocence, palled with a too frequent repetition of sexual enjoyments, have uniformly borne, and will forever bear, the most unqualified hatred to hymenial ties. The reason is, by no means, a remote one. Accustomed as they are to distinguish objects through a disordered medium, they often confound pain with pleasure, and mistake the thrilling sensations of the one, for the keenly-vibrating touch of the other. They would most willingly exchange a condition so fraught with real evil as their own, if that change could be effected without any sacrifice on their part of a favourite maxim, and if they could be made to believe that there was still a possibility of their being happy, notwithstanding they had once been miserable.

To you, then, ye children of celibacy, ye votaries of spleen, ye murderers of social happiness, ye bankrupts in the finer feelings, is addressed the plain and unsophisticated language of the Preacher. Harken to his sermon, and treasure up instruction. Let "two lie together, that they may have heat," and discard the idea, however plausible, that "one can be warm alone." Hearest thou not, O, old Bachelor ! the wintry storm rave around thy dwelling ? It will shortly penetrate the inmost recesses of thy apartment, and whistle around thy solitary couch. Comfortless nights will succeed gloomy

and unjoyful days—the sound of music will no more be heard, nor mirth nor revelry resound in thy borders. All will be cheerless within and without; and the mirror, which reflects thy folly and thy obstinacy, will frighten thee with its magnifying qualities, while the glass of retrospection, lighted up by conscience, will present a terrific succession of objects to poison thy peace of mind—embitter all thy future days, and fix the sting of vipers in thy soul.

And thou, too, O, old maid! whose furrowed cheeks have bid a long adieu to the blushing rose, and reluctantly received the pale and shrinking lily in its stead—over whose forehead, wrinkled by the touch of time, the silver foot-steps of declining age have been deeply and fatally imprinted, awake, I beseech thee, to a sense of thy duty, and plant one more feather in the wing of Cupid. Recollect the impressive question in my text. Recollect that time is a rapid traveller, and he hastens to his destined goal. And Oh! recollect the imperious, the irresistible claims of future and remote generations. Tremble, lest posterity, frowning indignant over thy unproductive ashes, should curse the hated memory of her, who, trampling on the dictates of the sacred volume, and putting at defiance the first principle of our nature, could laugh at the impassioned declarations, and mock the transports—the agonizing transports of an afflicted lover.

May the God of Love send his sharpest arrows to the hearts of unrepenting bachelors, and the bosoms of unfeeling maids: may swains cease to be careless, and nymphs become less cruel; and may the spotless reign of Hymen speedily usher in a new and more brilliant æra, consecrated to the happiness of the human race.

THE JANUARY PREACHER.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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From the Boston Mirror.
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THE Hon. Doctor Mitchill, of New-York, lately favoured the Editor with a poetical version of some Osage and Cherokee Indian songs, from the interpretation of a French missionary. They were sung at an entertainment given to the Chiefs who, some time since, made a visit to President Jefferson. A friend of ours, when reading the French translation, hastily turned two of these songs into English prose, and left his work with the Editor. After this, we are sorry to say, Dr. Mitchill's version was mislaid. But rather than withhold these rarities entirely from the curious, we now publish the

two songs which remain in our possession.

OSAGE SONG.

Brave companions, friends renowned in battle, we have come to hear the wise talk of our Father. To see him we have passed over rivers and lakes, traversing the long vallies, and climbing the lofty hills between this and our dear native land.

The Great Spirit has preserved us; the mighty Master of life and breath has turned from us the arrow of accident, hath saved us from hunger and cold, that here we might learn the lessons of wisdom. Red men! You have seen how a good Chief gives happiness to his children, and how his children love him in their hearts.

And thou, great Chief of our Nation, who at this moment rangeest through the forests that lie far beyond those hills of the west, hither come, without fear, and smoke a calumet with him who is good like thyself. The path is open. No enemy lurks in the bush. We will form a file behind thee. We will guide thee, dauntless, to our new White Father, that thou mayst hear the wisdom of his talk.

WAR SONG OF WANAPASHA.

Why, Warriors, when the battle comes and the screams of the foe echo among the hills—why stay to

think that death may lay you low on the field?

Whether you chase the foe as he flies from you, or whether you fly from him in fear, death is the lot of all!

Confide in your chief—he will shew you the ambush where the enemy lurk—he will lead you on to glory and victory—his arm alone will meet their strength—drive them back wildly in fear, or stretch them, bloody, in the field of battle.

Unite! March on my warriors. We are to the foe as the fury of the tempest. They know we are terrible in battle. They fear to meet our rushing attack. They tremble. They are routed. They fly away.

THE gallant Sir THOMAS THOMPSON, who lost his *left* leg in the battle of Copenhagen, jocosely observed in a convivial company, that he still used his left leg, and his left leg only. How can that be? asked one of the company. Why, (replied the gallant veteran) because my right leg is the only one that is now *left* to me. *Lon. pap.*

Some years ago, the late Sir Walter Blackett had his picture very finely painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for which he paid the sum of two hundred guineas. The picture was hung up in the family

seat near Newcastle, but had been a very short time there, before the females of the family were terrified with a sudden alteration in the visage and even the dress of this admired portrait. The tints which gave life and expression to the features, and even the colouring of the drapery disappeared, and reduced the picture to a natural, but elegant and masterly outline. Nothing less than death was foreboded from this extraordinary phenomenon. Sir Walter being in London, an express was immediately dispatched, with whom the Baronet returned in perfect health, to the great joy of his family and friends. He laughed at the incident, but, in justice to the painter, wrote the following epigram, and inscribed it on the picture in letters of gold:—

The art of painting clearly was design'd
To bring the features of the dead to
mind;
But this damn'd painter has revers'd the
plan,
And made the picture die before the
man.

ib.

*To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany,
Sir,*

*By giving the following a place in your
Miscellany, you will much oblige a lover
of*

HARMONY.

NEATNESS.

ORDER is the hand-maid of neatness. See the order of the neat husbandman, his well-stored barns, his well-swept threshing floor, his

entire fences, his well-finished house, every thing about him discovers that he is thriving.

See the correct merchant, whose goods are arranged in an order, most pleasing to the eye, whose store is neat, and whose books are written carefully, without a blot. See the lawyer, whose library is in the most correct order, and who can in a moment lay his hand on any paper of consequence. See the young lady, who resolves that her dress shall be kept with care, and retain its beauty, always has it ready for use, and in order. Go into a school, where the pupils are neat, silent, obedient, and industrious, under the care of an Instructor, in a neat room, applying without confusion to their various pursuits, their books all correct and entire. Can any thing be more pleasing, than the combination of order and neatness? And with what ease may it all be compassed by a single resolute exertion; how perfectly may it prevail in our schools, and how numerous must be the advantages resulting from it? Neatness is as important in the country as in the town, for the practice is not to be dictated by the probability of our being seen, but by the principle of our being fit to be seen. Instructors being highly interested in this arrangement, will feel every inducement to give example as well as precept, and so to arrange all the business, as that the pupils, feeling the influence and benefits of order, shall be in-

duced to that neatness, without which it cannot be preserved. To preserve this, a strict observance of hours should be attended to, the business laid out, so that all understand it, every thing conducted with a persevering slowness; particular days and hours appointed for speaking, or any other pursuit; privileges allowed to those who excel, unless they have appeared slovenly, or neglected the known order of the school. These arrangements, with many others of a like kind, have been found practicable in every respect, and in the school where they have been rigidly adopted, scholars have improved rapidly, to the great satisfaction of their parents and the public. Let it ever be remembered that if we would cultivate neatness, order, diligence, virtue, and religion, the seeds sown in the spring of life, are most likely to take deep root, and bring forth abundance.

J. P.

A person asked, Why is a *Chandler* the worst and the most unfortunate of men?—"Because (replied another) all his ways are *wick'd*, and all his *wick'd* works are brought to light."

The *sharp set* thieves whose late attempt to break into a *dentist's* pantry, was frustrated by the wariness of the latter, proved how

much they erred in supposing that they could succeed in their project, "in spite of *his teeth*."

An old jack Tar, just returned from sea, met his old messmate, *Eet Blousy*; he was so overjoyed that he determined, to commit matrimony; but at the altar the Parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; on which Jack thrusting a few shillings into the sleeve of his cassock, exclaimed "damn it brother, never mind! marry us as far as it will go."

The fair Daughter of a Mr. *Hogg* was lately married in one of the fashionable bonnets that conceal the face, which occasioned the bridegroom to remark, after the conclusion of the ceremony, "Egad, I have got a *pig* in a *poke*!"

It is a melancholy fact, that since *sprigged muslins* became so fashionable, our Ladies are not so *spot-less* as they were in former times.

"What is the reason," said an Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always quarrelling?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are *both of one mind*—she wants to be master, and so do I."

The following droll and eccentric label is affixed to a Watch-Maker's window in Chatham-street. Though it is not original, it shows that (to use a cant phrase) "The Boss" is not very unlike the author.

LOON.

HERE are fabricated, and renovated, trochiliac horologies; portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgirations are performed by internal, spiral elastic or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

When Lee was manager of the theatre at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder; and so having procured a parcel of nine pound shot, they were put into a wheel-barrow, to which he affixed an octagon wheel. This done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheel-barrow, so filled, backwards and forwards over the ridges. The play was Lear; and really in the two first efforts, the thunder had a good effect. At length, as the king was braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, the thunderer's foot slipped, and down he came, wheel-barrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scenery, laid it flat upon its face. This storm was more diffi-

cult for Lear to stem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about to avoid them like the man who dances the egg hornpipe. The fiddlers, in alarm for their catgut, hurried out of the orchestra; and to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in the sight of the audience, like another Salmoncus.

MARRIED,

At Brook-Haven, Long Island, on the 7th inst. by the rev. Mr. Green, his son, Mr. Lewis F. Green, to Miss Charity Woodhull, all of that place.

FROST TO SNOW.

"HAIL wedded love."

'Cursed be he who twin-loves shall sever.'

At Ipswich, Mass. Mr. Samuel Coleman, aged sixty-seven, to Mrs. Ann Pulfit, aged seventy-two.

.....

DIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Isaac Van Hook, in the 90th year of his age.

On Saturday last, Mr. Thomas Vaughn.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 37 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



SONG.

Imitated from the French of Florian.

ALL ye, who torn from Love,
At distance roam forlorn ;
All ye who vanquish'd prove,
Some cruel fair one's scorn ;—
Your sorrows, tho' severe,
Compar'd with mine are small,
For you have Hope to cheer,
And I have lost my all.

I lov'd a beauteous fair,
And was belov'd again—
But in this world of care,
No joy can long remain ;
'Tis like the tender rose,
Expanding to the skies,
At dawn of morn it blows,
At eve it droops and dies.

Vain were her youth and charms !
The lovely maid is gone :
Death snatch'd her from my arms,
And I am left alone !—
The griefs which now o'erwhelm,
Will finish soon my woe,—
That stroke which fells the elm,
Destroys the ivy too.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TEAZE me no more, nor think I care,
Tho' monarchs bow at LAURA's shrine,

Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since LAURA is no longer mine.

Indiff' ent 'tis alike to me,
If my fav'rite dove be gone,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the Eagle or the Swan.

If not for me, its blushing lips
The rose-bud opes, what care I
Who the odorous liquid sips,
The king of bees, or butterfly.

Like me, the Indian of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected see the merchants' crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave, displeas'd, to know
Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
Shines on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of princely face ?
CORYDON.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE WISH.

IN these uncertain, transient, scenes be-
low,
Where hopes and fears, alternate, ebb
and flow,
Where joys, in prospect, charm the ra-
vish'd eye,
But in fruition, fade, or wholly die ;
Where each by various whims and pas-
sions toss'd,
In puzzling mazes frequently are lost—
Grant me the blessing of one faithful
friend,
On whom with confidence I may de-
pend ;
Of soul sincere, in useful knowledge
wise,
In time of grief, prepar'd to sympa-
thize ;
Her mind like sunshine, of the bright-
est day,

To glad the heart, and praise the genial
ray ;

Who has no thought which friendship
need conceal,

Nor e'er a secret purpose would reveal;
Warr'd by no passions, private end, or
fame—

Alike our secrets, and our minds the
same.

Ye virtuous few, of sympathetic soul.
Whose inbred worth all selfish thoughts
controul ;

Who freely can, without reserve, im-
part

Each generous impulse rising in the heart :

As through this vale of misery you go,
O, may you still the sweets of friendship
know.

And grant me, powers, out of your ample store,

Health, peace, one faithful friend, I ask
no more.

S. R. W-9.

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LINES, EXTEMPORE.

By Thomas Paine.

QUICK as the lightning's vivid flash,
The poet's eye o'er Europe rolls;
Sees battles rage—hears tempests crash,
And dim's at horror's threatening
scowl.

Marks ambition's ruthless king,
— With crimson'd banners scath the
globe ;
While trailing after conquest's wing,
Man's fest'ring wounds his demons
probe.

Pall'd with streams of reeking gore,
That stain the proud imperial day;
He turns to view the western shore,
Where Freedom holds her bloodless
sway.

'Tis here her sage triumphant sways,
An empire in the people's love ;
'Tis here the sovereign will obeys,
No king but he who *rules above*.

ON BEING ADVISED TO MARRY.

SIR, you are prudent, good, and wise,
I own, and thank you from my
heart,

And much approve what you advise;
But let me think—before I start.

For folks well able to discern,
Who know what 'tis to take a wife,
Say, 'tis a case of such concern,
A man should think on't—*all his life*.

Correspondence.

"*A friend to Truth*" we apprehend, is mistaken. The lines he has reference to were selected from a London paper.

"*First poetic effusion*" is received. We deem it wanting. The verse is cramped. The measure not correct. However, as it is the first attempt, and the author apparently capable of improvement, we do not think it just to nip genius in the bud. It shall appear in our next number.

Other communications on hand will be attended to in due season.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY

To be delivered to city subscribers at *one dollar* a volume, to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume. - Persons residing out of this city, to pay in advance.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

EDWARD WHITELY,

NO. 46 FAIR-~~STREET~~-NEW-YORK